

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

The automobile mania for excessive speed cannot be repressed by small fines. Heavy penalties must be imposed, or the owners and drivers of machines which are rushed at headlong pace will jeer at the courts and laugh at public opinion.

The Army is to have new uniforms. The blue suits in which we fought out the Civil War have been condemned as too conspicuous, and after New Year's our soldiers are to go garbed in olive green that is guaranteed to blend with the landscape at a distance of 1100 yards. This is another result of the use of long-distance rides, which have brought out unobtrusiveness as a leading military quality, asserts Life. In modern war the next best thing to not being there is not to be seen.

Several of the Western States are sorely troubled by the rapidly increasing colonies of prairie dogs, which are amazingly prolific. Considerable rewards are offered for their destruction, but it is not likely in any event that these vermin will become so serious a plague as rabbits were some years ago in Australia, when the tempting prize of \$50,000 was offered for the discovery of a thoroughly practical and satisfactory means of relief. Comparatively little has been heard of late in this part of the world of the pests which did so much damage in Australasia.

The New York Evening Post, in commenting some time ago on the growing cynicism of British politicians, observed that in America cynicism is a positive disqualification for political preferment. The tacit assumption of superiority on the part of the cynic is distasteful to a democracy, but "is logically tolerated in a society like the English, which is based on the aristocratic idea." But while cynicism is not permitted to American politicians it is, curiously enough, a prevalent type of mind, according to the Evening Post, among the constituents of American politicians.

Of course rash and improvident marriages are a mistake, and are apt to lead to unhappiness and regret. But it is a mistake, too, to think that marriage is not worth some risks and considerable sacrifices, remarks Harper's Weekly. Persons who want a sure thing must be content with small dividends. Persons who put off marrying until they can marry without any inconvenience are very apt to put it off too long. Marriage is a deep-sea voyage, and should start betimes. As for the folks who want to hug the shore, let them hug the shore. No doubt it is safer, but the profit is less and the sport inferior.

The agitation for European disarmament is being revived. It is asserted that King Victor Emmanuel is a convert to the ideas of the Czar of Russia and will assist him in bringing about his views. Perhaps the argument which the Czar is said to have employed, that it is necessary for Europe to get rid of its extravagant military systems if it wishes to compete with the United States, will prove more potent than some of those used at The Hague. There certainly is much force in the contention that countries which tax their people to death in order to maintain great armed establishments can hardly hope to compete with a nation which gets along with a small standing army, although it could afford a big one.

Three years ago the experiment of free employment bureaus was begun in Illinois. They are now established on a firm and permanent basis. Men and women of all vocations have made application for work at the three offices in Chicago and the one in Peoria, and in the great majority of cases positions have been secured for them. During 1901 a total of 27,779 men and 14,134 women applied for help, and work was found for 23,863 of the former and 12,870 of the latter. For the three years that the offices have been in existence 89,536 out of 109,210 applicants were provided with employment. Of applications for assistance there were 56,301, and 43,517 of these were aided. In Kansas a State board of a similar nature has been in operation only a little over a year, and yet it has demonstrated its usefulness and is a success. Thousands of men and women seeking positions have secured them through this agency. It has proved of especial value in securing labor for Kansas farmers.

The Girl From Gold Gulch.

How She Outwitted an Arrogant British Matron.

BY W. W. RELBATS.

THE excursion season was at its height, and the Alaska liner, Senator, was crowded. There were tourist parties from all over the country; gold-seekers of all sorts and conditions on their way to the ice fields; Nome Government officials on their regular rounds of inspection; companies of school teachers eager to crowd the trip into their short vacation; the inevitable bridal couples and several family parties, but the girl from Gold Gulch was traveling alone.

The first day out was so rough that all the women kept quietly out of sight—all but the girl from Gold Gulch, who confided to the captain that the motion of the ship was not unlike that of a bucking horse, and that she rather liked it. So, crushing her cap down over her eyes, and buttoning her raglan close up to her chin, she strode resolutely up on deck to find herself monarch of all she surveyed.

By the end of the day she had accepted every possible courtesy from every man on board, and was beginning to think she saw her way clear to a pleasant passage. But when, the next day, the other women, white-faced and miserable, began to struggle upward, the wild rose color and the ability of this girl to walk the decks in slippery weather, became to them a personal affront, for seasickness is not conducive to the practice of Christian charity. So every day thereafter the little group that formed itself into an exclusive for-did circle, made common cause in discussing the impropriety of this young girl's traveling without a chaperon.

Miss Mamie McGinnis, of Gold Gulch, never joined that group. Not that she knew, or would have cared if she had, that she was the target for their criticism. She always found herself the centre of another group on the opposite deck, where she held full sway, or promenaded the decks with some equally good sailor till the others had gone below; following always her own sweet will, and never suspecting she had not the benediction of the elect. It was Mrs. Whitewall-Warde who was the most horrified by Miss McGinnis's escapades. She, with her three florid, raw-boned daughters, had come to America first to visit her son, Algie, on his cattle ranch, and now with Algie himself, more florid and raw-boned than all four of the others put together, she was making a flying trip to Alaska to see her youngest son, Winston.

One evening even as they caucused on the probability of her being an actress or chorus girl on her way to join her troupe, two figures swayed into the area of light emitted from the cabin. The wind-blown hair of the girl, and the frills about her shoulders left no doubt as to her identity, for her gowns were also a subject of disapproval among the elect, but the tall black figure behind her was lost in the shadow. A dozen pairs of eyes strained eagerly to see who it might be, their owners conjecturing and commenting on what new freak of indiscretion she was up to. Then, as if in answer to the curious gaze riveted upon them, the figures turned and came to a standstill under the light.

The man's cigar had evidently gone out, for with a gay little laugh the girl took his proffered match, reached out her arm, and steadied herself against his ready shoulder as if he had been a mast. Then there was a sudden swish of frills, the gleam of a shoe buckle—and something more—and the girl had struck the match, man-fashion, on the sole of her boot, and was holding the tiny flame to his cigar.

At this the Englishwoman turned with a horrified countenance to point a moral to Algie, who had not seemed to disapprove of this terrible girl's conduct sufficiently, but Algie had slipped his leash and was not at her elbow. The next flare of the match showed Algie's florid face bending over the laughing eyes of the girl, and Algie's big hand closing over the pink fingers that held the match.

Hoping no one but herself had seen this flashlight picture, Mrs. Warde, with characteristic arrogance, turned the topic of discussion, and dominated the conversation so skillfully that no one had a chance to refer to the subject uppermost in every mind until she felt it safe to withdraw. Then, clucking up her raw-boned brood, she fled into the bosom of her family, there to call down curses on the curly head of this terrible girl who was trying to entangle poor Algie in her meshes.

The captain, of course, was taken into Mrs. Whitewall-Warde's confidence, and threatened with being reported to the company if he did not put the girl in irons to save poor Algie, or stop the ship and put her off, and the clouds of disapproval from the rest of the elect gathered so thickly that the very air seemed charged with explosives. Even the girl at last began to realize that she was not entirely popular with this faction; she had not taken much notice of the women heretofore, and their disapproving glances had escaped her. When the full force of their attitude struck her she turned abruptly to Algie with: "Is your mother worried about something?"

"Aw, she's a bit chafed about something," she saw last night, you know," he explained, looking somewhat browbeaten himself.

"What a lovely lot they must be," remarked the girl, staring at them deliberately, and letting them see they were being discussed by their brother and herself. "They don't seem to be having any fun at all," she added, wondering why they didn't scrape up an acquaintance with the half-dozen university students on board.

But here, to their consternation, they saw Algie's mother bearing down upon them with a look of determined determination in her narrow, gray eyes.

"Algie, my dear, go and talk with your sisters a bit while I have a few words with this—ah—this—"

"Miss McGinnis," Algie supplied, dodging his mother's look and retreating ungallantly, leaving the girl alone on the field.

"Ah, yes, to be sure, Miss McGinnis," she repeated after him, looking straight over the girl's head and taking Algie's chair, which, considering its change of occupants, was drawn unpleasantly close.

"You are a most ill-advised young person," the woman began, wasting no time on preliminaries, "and seem to have no one to tell you so. Do you know it is highly improper for a girl of your age to be traveling about alone, without a chaperon?"

"Nope," the girl's rosy lips lisped indifferently. "You never hear of such things in Gold Gulch."

"Can it be that there is no attempt to preserve decorum of any kind in these western wilds?" asked Mrs. Warde, incredulously.

"Yep, course," answered Miss McGinnis, indignantly. "If things go wrong, much, somebody gets shot. See?"

"Then, for your own good," the woman continued, finding the Gold Gulch code inadequate to the occasion, and still looking over the girl's head, "I shall tell you that every one on board is horrified by the way you are carrying on, and the rest of the voyage you must either mend your ways or stay below, or—"

"Or what?" the girl interrupted, resting her eyes calmly on the heated face of the older woman, with a look of deep interest.

"Or let Algie alone," commanded his mother, surprised off her dignity by the girl's cool question.

"Oh, I'm not doing a thing to Algie," the girl answered, innocently. And it was owing to the matron's ignorance of American colloquialism that she was made no wiser by this frank confession.

"It would do you no good to try to win his esteem, you know, for it is arranged that he is to marry his cousin in England."

"I did not try to win his esteem," the girl interrupted, hotly. "He just up and—"

"He what?" the British matron almost screamed.

"He just up and said 'how-d'y-do?' when we met on deck," the girl explained. "And now you'll have to excuse me while I go and dress for dinner." And with a sweeping bow the girl sprang up and was gone.

At dinner the "terrible girl," as she was designated by the elect, changed her plan of campaign. Instead of convulsing her listeners with her amusing prattle, she sat silently listening to Algie, hanging with breathless attention upon his every word, until he began to feel like a great hero. The stern British matron sat glaring at them, not knowing whether she had been routed or not, but gathering her forces for a furious and final attack. As the girl noticed these signs her spirits seemed to rise beyond all precedent, and she telegraphed messages across the table that said unutterable things, apparently quite unconscious that others had been there before and understood her cipher.

The elect gathered at the rail as they reached the dock and waited apprehensively to see what the outcome would be. The girl's skirmishing, they prophesied, would have to go down before the heavy raking fire of the Englishwoman's wrath, and they watched her approach with a feeling akin to pity. They certainly were not prepared to see her walk up to Mrs. Whitewall-Warde and say coolly: "Will you walk a little with me? I have something to say to you."

And neither was Mrs. Warde herself prepared to hear the girl, with a womanly dignity quite new to her: "I think it only fair to explain to you, Mrs. Warde, before this feeling goes any farther, that I am going to be married as soon as the steamer lands, so your mind will be relieved of any unjust suspicion that I have been flirting with your son."

ever, and she was taken to the bosom of the elect as a protégée of their ring-leader. For all of which the girl showed her gratitude by having her trunks brought up and her trousseau exploited for Mrs. Warde's approval.

"But are they not much too elaborate for the place you are going to?" she ventured.

"Yep," the girl answered, innocently. "But they were made for the road. You see, I was going out with the Gaiety Company to do soubrette parts this season before I decided to be married."

"Oh, it is true, then, you are an actress?" said Mrs. Warde, with a horrified gasp.

"Nope, not now," Miss McGinnis explained, shifting her quid of gum gracefully into her cheek. "I'm going to jump my contract, and Mr. —, ahem! he is going to square it up with the old man." She always avoided mentioning the name of her fiancé, which the elect thought a commendable show of reticence.

The girl seemed to grow a little nervous as the Senator neared port, and to avoid the far-ard circle. "You will not fail to come to my wedding, will you?" she again pleaded, earnestly.

"No," answered Mrs. Warde, thankful this disagreeable business was so soon to be taken off her hands, and deeply mortified that circumstances had connected her with the affairs of this little player-person. "You may depend upon me as I have promised." Then, with a flush of pity for this lone little thing, she added: "And I will also give you my blessing." This last remark was made as if she were about to bestow upon her the Order of the Garter.

"Is your young man going to meet you?" asked one of the elect, thinking the spectacle of a red-shirted miner jumping up and down and waving his hat in the air would be diverting.

"Not on your life," Miss McGinnis answered, with dignity, "but he'll be at the hotel when we get there, all right."

And although there was not even a proxy to meet her at the dock the girl's faith in his presence did not waver. "He'll be there," she assured them, and asked a favored few to be present at the ceremony.

It was several hours after their arrival that the guests were assembled for this impromptu little affair in the hotel parlor. Mrs. Warde, bored and tired, leaned back in her chair with half-closed eyes; Algie and her own precious daughters had not been allowed to come; this was too mixed an affair for them to take any part in. When the girl entered every eyebrow was raised to the limit of its reach as she clanked across the room in her barbaric Gold Gulch splendor, but all were bound to admit that, after her type, she was bewitchingly pretty. So absorbed was every one in the girl's looks they almost forgot the red-shirted miner they were looking for, and the girl herself, instead of assuming a becomingly modest air, even if she did not feel it, seemed bubbling over with suppressed mirth. At last a tall fellow came in at the side door, and, facing the justice, turned his back to the people.

The service was shortened to the fewest possible words. When Mrs. Warde heard the words, "I, Mary Ann McGinnis," etc., she drew a deep sigh of relief. The girl was now safely disposed of, and poor Algie out of danger. But the next instant her peace of mind burst like a bubble when the overwhelming words, "I, Winston Gordon Lennox Warde," fell upon her startled ears.

Algie was indeed safe, but to the horror of Mrs. Warde and the remnant of the elect who had gathered in the parlor, his youthful brother had been landed high and dry by the happy, yet unscrupulous bride from Gold Gulch.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Where Australia Buys Books.

"Anyway," said an Englishman who was at the Hotel Imperial, "if you do send immense quantities of books to England, if commercially you do own the British Islands, if you do send golf sticks to South Africa and drain pipes to India, and sewing machines to Australia, at least Australia still turns to us for the bulk of her reading matter. On the whole, I guess Australia sends you more actors and prize fighters than you send her literature."

"I saw recently the latest statistics from Australia on the subject, and they showed that Australia imports yearly from England over \$2,500,000 worth of literature, in the form of books and periodicals, while the entire importation from the United States is hardly \$75,000 worth. Now, while this preponderance of English publications is natural, the fact that nearly \$700,000 worth of books and magazines are imported from other countries than England and the United States shows that the taste of Australia is not insular to bigotry. It also shows one spot on the globe where, in one department of life, the American invasion has not yet reached."—New York Tribune.

A Notable Irish Ballroom.

One of the most magnificent ballrooms in the United Kingdom is in Lord Iveagh's house in Dublin. It is seventy feet long and forty feet wide, and the floor through some mechanical contrivance has a delightful "springiness" which is such an essential quality to pleasant waltzing. At either end of the saloon is a balcony of aluminum, and the high fender before the fireplace is of the same metal, yet so light that it can be lifted in the hand. The walls are paneled out in alabaster; the hangings are of rose-colored silk and dark velvet richly embroidered, and the electric light is so arranged that the room receives only a charmingly soft reflected light. The cost of this lovely ballroom was \$150,000.—London Tatler.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Knocked Down.
To knock down fifty oxen he was strong enough, 'twas clear. His voice was strong, that's all. You see He was an auctioneer.
—Philadelphia Press.

Missed His Vocation.
"So," said the author's friend, "you built this house with your own hands?"
"Yes."
"Well, well, well. It's simply wonderful. You ought to have been a carpenter."
—Chicago Record-Herald

An Unappreciated Sermon.



Wife—"I think it was awfully mean of the minister to preach against women's extravagance in dress."

Husband—"I don't see why that should trouble you. The gown you had on was very plain."

Wife—"That's no reason why he should call everybody's attention to it."
—New York Journal.

Blessing of Fame.

"He's getting to be somebody in the world, isn't he?"
"Yes, indeed; he's arrived at that point when his beastly actions in company are called eccentricities of genius instead of bad manners."
—Indianapolis Sun.

Boards.

"Doesn't she keep summer boards?" we ask, indicating the sharp-visaged lady with the market-basket on her arm.

"Not very long," explains our friend, who has boarded so long that he calls the dining-room flies by their first names.—Judge.

Rule For Success.

"What is your rule of business—your maxim?" we ask of the Wall Street baron.

"Very simple," he answers. "I pay for something that I can't get, with money that I haven't got, and then sell what I never had for more than it ever cost."
—Life.

Misjudged His Speed.

"And," muttered the suburbanite, "the agent who rented me that property told me the house was only ten minutes from the station."

Here he resumes his sprint for the train, gasping:

"I wonder if he thought I was a flash of lightning."
—Baltimore American.

True Sympathy.

Tom—"Why so melancholy, old man?"

Jack—"Miss Jones rejected me last night."

Tom—"Well, brace up. There are others."

Jack—"Yes, of course; but somehow I can't feel sorry for the poor girl."
—Chicago News.

Grandma's Object Lesson.

"My! my! my!" said the little girl's grandmother, "you mustn't make so much fuss when you have your hair combed. When I was a little girl I had my hair combed three or four times every day."

"Yes," said the child, pointing at the poor little gray knot on the back of the good old lady's head, "and see what you've got for it!"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Way to Tell.



He—"Do you know how to tell a bad egg, Miss Sharpley?"

She—"Well, if you have anything to tell a bad egg, break it gently."
—New York Times.

An Arduous Task.

"Your husband has been promoted, hasn't he?"
"Yes; he is the clerk who issues the marriage licenses now; but I'm afraid he can't hold the job. The work is too hard."

"Too hard?"
"Yes, indeed! The other night he came home late and all tired out, and he hadn't issued but one license during the whole day."

"Good gracious! Only one?"
"Yes. It was for Silvio Alessandrolometzela - Koczvetichenblomv and Marie Vaslavitchodzckgkftzetzenkoff."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer

"THE EDNA."

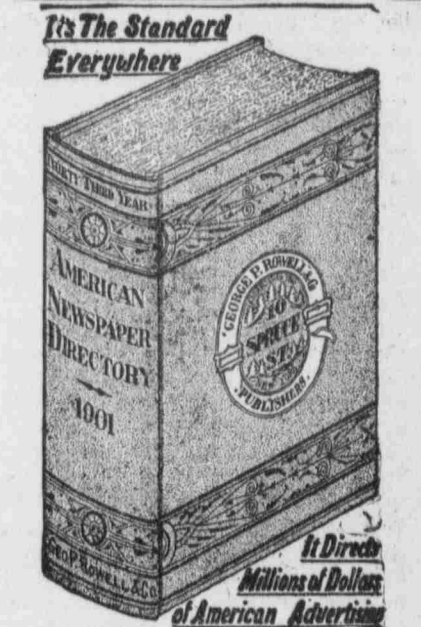
Several judges of what a good cigar ought to be have pronounced "The Edna" the best 5c. smoke in the city. John B. Buechling, Manufacturer, 1650 Kresge street N. E.

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